

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN
GRAY 177

He sought to elaborate some new scheme of life that ^{would} ^{have} its reasoned philosophy and its ordered principles, ^{and} ^{find} in the spiritualizing of the senses its highest realization.

The worship of the senses has often, and with much ^{justice,} been decried, men feeling a natural instinct of terror ^{about} passions and sensations that seem stronger than themselves, and that they are conscious of sharing ^{with the} ^{less} ^{highly} organized forms of existence. But it appeared to Dorian ^{Gray} that the true nature of the senses had never ^{been} ^{understood,} and that they had remained savage and animal ^{merely} ^{because} the world had sought to starve them into submission ^{or} ^{to} idly them by pain, instead of aiming at making ^{them} ^{elements} of a new spirituality, of which a fine instinct for beauty ^{was} ^{to} be the dominant characteristic. As he looked back upon ^{man} moving through History, he was haunted by a feeling ^{of} ^{loss.} So much had been surrendered! and to such ^{little} ^{purpose!} There had been mad wilful rejections, monstrous forms ^{of} ^{self-} torture and self-denial, whose origin was fear, and whose ^{result} was a degradation infinitely more terrible than that ^{fancied} degradation from which, in their ignorance, they ^{had} ^{sought} to escape; Nature, in her wonderful irony, driving ^{out} ^{the} anchorite to feed with the wild animals of the desert ^{and} ^{giving} to the hermit the beasts of the field as his companions.

Yes: there was to be, as Lord Henry had prophesied, ^a ^{new} Hedonism that was to re-create life, and to save ^{it} ^{from} ^{that} harsh, uncomely puritanism that is having, in our own ^{day,} ^{its} curious revival. It was to have its service of the intellect, ^{certainly;} yet, it was never to accept any theory ^{or} ^{system} ^{that} would involve the sacrifice of any mode of passionate ^{experience,} Its aim, indeed, was to be experience itself, and not ^{the} ^{fruits} of experience, sweet or bitter as they might be. Of ^{the} ^{asceticism} that deadens the senses, as of the ^{vulgar} profligacy ^{that} ^{dulls} them, it was to know nothing. But it was to teach ^{man} ^{to} concentrate himself upon the moments of a life that ^{is} ^{itself} but a moment.

There are few of us who have not sometimes wakened ^{before} dawn, either after one of those dreamless nights that ^{make} ^{us} almost enamoured of death, or one of those nights ^{of} ^{horror} and misshapen joy, when through the chambers of ^{the} ^{brain} sweep phantoms more terrible than reality itself, and ^{instinct} with that vivid life that lurks in all grotesques, and ^{that} ^{lends}

to Gothic art its enduring vitality, this art being,
one fancy, especially the art of those whose minds ^{might} have
been troubled